

OUR CHILDRENS PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

Advice to Members of T.-D. C. Club

Dear Children of the Club:

Do not get any more impatient than you are now waiting for the badges. When new ones have to be ordered the order is a big one. I am doing the best I can to hurry matters, but the order of those who have been waiting and on account of the late applicants for membership; but December is a crowded month, and there is nothing to do but to wait patiently until the badges arrive. But I do not wish you to think because this delay has occurred that any child wishing to join the club is being overlooked. Your names are all properly listed, and just as soon as the badges are here every one's name will be attended to without further delay.

I frequently notice that the letters from children applying for membership ask for club rules. The club has never had a set of printed rules, but every now and then those regulations which have been observed since its organization are repeated in the editor's letters. And this seems a proper time for me to tell you again that you must send in carefully written and neat manuscripts; that you must write only on one side of the paper; that you must be careful about your spelling, for that you must sign, in conclusion, only your full name and address to everything contributed, whether it be a story, a puzzle, a drawing or a letter. You must not send inclosures in a letter and think because the letter has your name at the end that it may be left of the contributions. Everything must be signed, not in initials, but with the name and address written out.

That point being disposed of, the next to be considered is that all drawings, to be acceptable, must be done in black ink on white paper. Listen, children! Not in blue ink, or purple ink; not in pencil work but with a pen and black ink on a white background. I emphasize this and beg you to notice it carefully, otherwise you will not see your drawings on the page, and will be thereby disappointed. Another thing I wish to say is that in the giving out of prizes and medals, originality will take precedence over everything else. A simple story, drawing or puzzle that come direct from the pen and brain of the contributor will always be entitled to and receive prime consideration.

And lastly, read what I have to say from week to week and make in your scrapbooks for reference anything that may relate to your work and therefore be of importance.

YOUR EDITOR.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Louise Jennings, 3610 E. Broad Street, Richmond.
Marguerite Bailey, Scottsburg, Va.
Nellie Parker Henson, 100 W. Grace Street, City.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.
Anderson, E. N. Hairston, M. W.
Adams, Emma Hancock, M. L.
Bailey, Louise Hanson, N. J.
Bailey, M. Jennings, Hugh E.
Boyd, Harry Jennings, Louise
Bryant, A. G. Lawson, Anna H.
Cox, Lela Marshall, J.
Chapin, F. E. Powell, Bartlett
Callaway, W. A. Rex, Florence
Calloway, C. R. Riddle, M. S.
Cameron, J. H. Robbins, Grace
Chamberlain, J. L. Robertson, S. J.
Edwards, Lucy Sparrow, K.
Everett, Ruth Schreiner, B. G.
Ferguson, E. B. Stoneburner, M. M.
Fleet, Christine Tucker, Ida W.
Garrow, Mary Warren, B. E.
Gilliam, C. W. Warren, B. E.
Gilliam, M. A. Warren, B. E.
Harrison, Beatrice Williams, Robert.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

(Original.)
They were all seated around the fireplace in the cozy little sitting-room. "Grandma, please tell us a story!" "All right, children," replied grandma, with a smile. "Did I ever tell you a bear story?"

"No," was all that was heard. "Well, I have a story about a bear. About twenty years ago there lived near the center of a dense forest a young man, his wife and a baby boy. This was a very dangerous place to live on account of the wild beasts, and especially bears. One night the young man was called away to the deathbed of his father. He did not know the idea of leaving his wife and child alone, but he finally decided to go. Not long after he left the young woman, who was sitting alone in the house, and on glancing out of a window discovered the object to be a bear. She quickly picked up the baby, crying and shot the bear, killing him almost instantly. Thus was her husband saved from an awful death. Now, children, can you guess whom I have been talking of?"

"The mother was you, grandma, the husband was grandpa, and the baby was papa," said Mary.

BERMA ADAMS.
502 West Clay Street, City.

MY PET CAT.

(A True Story.)
I have a cat whose name is Kitty. He is certainly spoiled. He begs for dough when mother is making it up and drinks milk out of the nursing bottle. When he wants to come upstairs he comes upon the porch and jumps up at the back window and crawls in. He is very fond of his mother and he likes to lie on the floor and roll over and over. Mother picked him up in the street last June a year ago. He was so small and thin and his mother had to feed him milk. He does a lot of other cute things, but I will not mention them.

Your new member,
FLORENCE REX.

DECEMBER.

Of all the months that come and go, December is the best. When on the branches the mistletoe is seen in perfect rest.

The holly in the woods is seen. All decorated with white and red. The snow it looks so white and clean. And the snowbirds waiting to be fed.

But the best that comes to all: "It is the month when Christ was born."

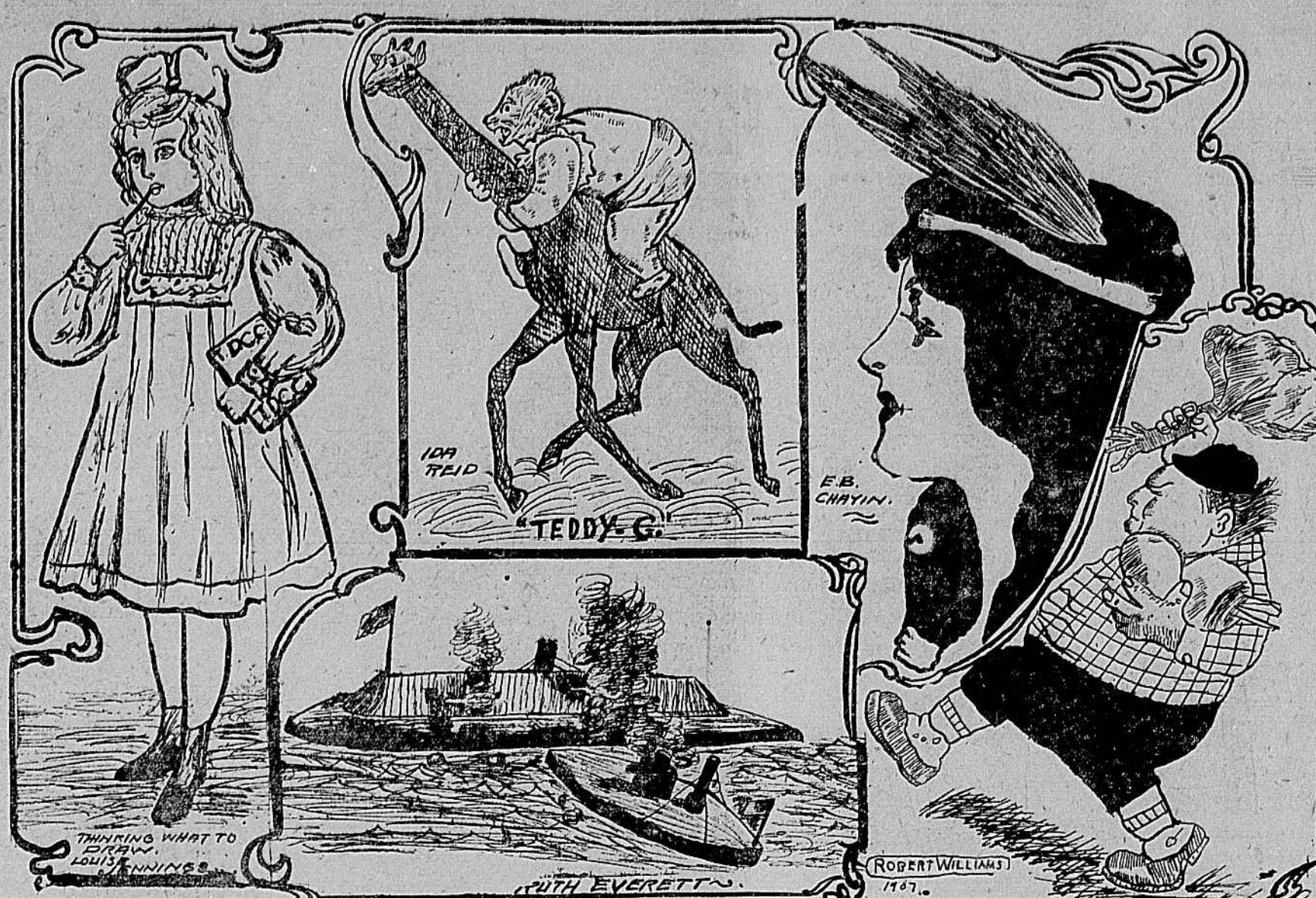
In December last of all. When all the other months are gone. Selected by KATHERINE MARSH.
Box 173, Ashland, Va.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE TIGER.

Once there was a little girl who told her mother she wanted to go to see her grandma. Her mother said no, she must not go through the woods by herself, for some wild animal might catch her. But the little girl was naughty and ran off to go by herself. She spent the day there and when it was time to go she told her grandma good-by, then started home.

It was such a long way, and she was so tired that she could not walk home. So she made herself a bed of leaves and lay down and went to sleep. While she was asleep she dreamt that a fairy came and asked her if she would like to go to fairyland with her, but the little girl said she would rather stay with her mother. The fairy said if she did not go that something dreadful would happen to her, and then vanished. In a few minutes the little girl heard a noise, and it came closer and closer; at last a big tiger jumped out at her. It asked her why she did not go with the fairy, and she did not go with the fairy, and she told him why. Now he said, "I will kill you for not going with me." So he ate her up, and that is what she gets for being naughty.

MARGARET MASON MILLER.



A Ghost Story.

(In Two Chapters—Chapter II.)

Suddenly a thin, transparent form came up from the forest, with glaring eyes. It moved towards them, then stopped, as if some invisible fence were holding it back, and disappeared. But it soon appeared again, and the boys noticed with rising alarm that it was a few steps nearer. It grew larger and larger, and stopped a few feet away from the boys. They seemed to see a burning vapor rise from it, and its glowing eyes stared relentlessly at them. At this moment the horse jumped forward so violently that they were thrown against the seat and fell over in the bottom of the buggy. The horse went at a gallop, and they had gone nearly half a mile when they looked around to speak to Andy.

He was gone! They were under the seat and then back up the road, but he was not there. They were too alarmed to call him, and fearing to stay there long, went off riding him. They reached the village in a few minutes, and the first person they saw was Andy, Arlington running up the road to meet them. They were too amazed to speak at first, but finally George managed to say: "When did you get out of the buggy, and how did you get here before we did?"

It was Andy's turn to be amazed. "What are you talking about," he asked. "I haven't been in a buggy." "What! You haven't been in a buggy?" "What! You haven't been in a buggy?" Then who was that who got in with us, talked with us, rode with us, and then got out without our knowing it?"

"I don't know." They were amazed than ever. Finally George told him the whole story, to which he replied that he had been at home all day, and had not gone out after cows.

That made George and Karl have a creepy feeling, and they shivered whenever they thought that they might be riding with a ghost.

Having procured the necessary articles, they stayed all night with Andy, being afraid to go home until morning.

CARRINGTON CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Va.

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.

The First Game.
The first game of the series was played in Chicago. Overall, "W. A. Callaway" was the opposing pitcher.

Overall was taken out in the ninth when Chicago had tied the score, and the Detroit batters had to face Reulbach's speedy delivery in the remaining three innings. He held such a record as Schaefer, Crawford and Cobb safe at all stages.

The game was called at the end of the twelfth inning on account of darkness.

The score stood 3 to 3. Chicago got ten hits to Detroit's nine.

Detroit excelled in the field, making two errors to Chicago's three, striking out twelve men and giving only two bases on balls.

W. A. CALLAWAY.
(To be Continued.)

LIFE OF A HOMELESS KITTEN.

(Original Story.)
I will now strive to tell you something of my past life. Although I have a comfortable home, at present, I



HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS.
Drawn by Carrington Callaway, Norwood, Va.

Christmas Joys.



CARRINGTON CALLAWAY.
Aged fifteen.

was once a homeless kitten; so I can sympathize with all homeless cats and dogs. I was born in a box in a grocery store. My sisters and I played merrily for six or seven weeks, when I heard the grocer tell the colored boy to put us in a bag and throw us in the creek. Then I began my wanderings out into the wide world alone.

I was wandering for a week, but my friends, it was the longest week I ever spent. During my travels I had a dozen times by wretched dogs and mean boys.

Finally I came to a lady's house, thinking I would beg a breakfast. She took me in her arms, and here I am to-day, just as happy as can be. My mistress has no children, and I am real glad, because I know they would only vex me by pulling my tail. I have read sweet home now, and I think it much better than living at the bottom of the creek, where I reckon my two sisters are now. Poor things! But I always was noted for my good luck.

MARY GARROW.

A FAIRY TALE.

There was once a very good looking man, and there was a fairy who he loved.

He wanted to see whether he thought too much of himself, so he turned himself into a real old, bent woman and went on the street where he lived.

He fell in love with her because she had such a sweet disposition, and so he married her and lived in peace for a year.

Then he thought so much of himself that he said to her that she was better off without him, like herself, and he said that he would get a wife to suit himself, but she said she had rather live by herself.

Then he got all the pretty girls to come to her house, and she turned them into old, bent women. He turned out to be a very old man, and he was very much better than he was before, and then she turned them back into their own forms again.

He went with other men that were so much like himself that he learned that he was wrong, and that looks were not everything, because he had lost a fairy and a good wife.

NELLIE PARKER HENSON.

1813 Grove Avenue.

cause it is so pleasant to go out and see the holly and mistletoe. Ever Christmas my father and brother go out and get holly, mistletoe and evergreen and decorate our Christmas tree. My sister and I are very fond of decorations everywhere they grow. On great occasions they form the chief decorations because they are so much prettier than flags and bunting. We can see those all the year round, when we can only see holly and mistletoe in the winter. We get tired of flags and flowers, and I am glad to see winter come, so we can enjoy seeing the snowbirds eat holly balls. I feel so sorry for those poor birds, and I feel so sure that mamma, don't like for us to go away from home when snow is on the ground, because we always go sleighing and get hurt.

LUCY EDWARDS.
Petersburg, Va.

DECEMBER.

The chief emblems of December are holly, mistletoe and evergreen. Evergreen is very pretty, is used in decorating houses. It is a sign of good will, cheer and comfort. Mistletoe was thought much of by the ancient Druids. They worshipped the oak, and as mistletoe grew on that tree and was very scarce, they thought it possessed wonderful powers. They regard for it has come down to this day, and it is one of the emblems of December.

It begins to get very cold in December, and on evenings it is a great pleasure to sit by a warm fire. It is also a very enjoyable month, because all through it you are thinking of the grand holiday that comes in the end.

SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.
Tully, Va.

Puzzle Department.

The following words are of equal length. When written in numerical order the second letters will spell a holiday which comes in November.

To reconcile, subject on which one writes: a song of joy; to go in; Russian edict; a tree; active; the walk in a church; to evade; twice four; an attack; anguish; to see; your contributions.

WILLIE A. CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Va.

A Charade.

My first is in root, but not in stout.
My second is in add, but not in pad.
My third is in pan, but not in ran.
My fourth is in rail, but not in rail.
My fifth is in sun, but not in sun.
My sixth is in hard, but not in hard.
My seventh is in after, and also in last.

My eighth is in none, and also in fun.
My ninth is in name, and also in plain.
My tenth is in old, and also in said.
My eleventh is in cane, but not in cane.
My twelfth is in kind, but not in kind.
My whole is a body of water.

CHRISTINE FLEET.
No. 2202 E. Marshall Street, Richmond, Va.

Jumbled Cities of Virginia.

1. Bicycure. 2. Misaur. 3. Misaur.
4. Bicycure. 5. Misaur. 6. Misaur.
7. Misaur. 8. Misaur. 9. Misaur.
10. Misaur. 11. Misaur. 12. Misaur.

CLAY STREET, FRANKLIN, VA.
To Geographical Jumbles: 1. Europe. 2. Connecticut. 3. Tiber River. 4. Black Sea. 5. Cornwall. 6. Iceland. 7. Indiana. 8. Caribbean Sea. 9. Oregon.

GRACE ROLLINS.
No. 1104 W. Marshall Street, City.

TOAST TO DECEMBER.

Here's to December! Best month of the year.
With its joy and gladness, its good-will and cheer.
Its Christmas fires blazing, its holly and mistletoe.
And best of all, good old Santa who drives through the snow with his sleigh and reindeer.
Bringing us happiness and much Christmas cheer.
ANNA HOWARD LAWSON.
Floyd, Va.

Rip Van Winkle.

Rip Van Winkle was a simple, good-natured fellow, who lived in a village at the foot of the Catskill Mountains. His wife was always talking to him about not keeping his farm in order. His favorite place of refuge was in the front of the old inn, where he would sit all day and tell endless stories about nothing.

One day Rip strolled away with his dog, Wolf, to the mountains to hunt. As he was about to descend the mountains in the evening he heard some one call his name. He turned around and saw an old-looking man climbing up the mountain, carrying a keg of liquor. He motioned to Rip to come and help him carry it. Rip and his companion toiled slowly up the mountain side. They reached a place where there were high rocks on all sides. There were some other men playing ninepins. Rip took some of the liquor and went to sleep. He slept twenty years. When he awoke and went to the village. Everything was strange.

Rip's daughter soon found him, and took him home to live with her. She told him that his mother was dead. MARY MOORE STONEBURNER.
Edinburg, Va.

THE THREE DUCKINGS.

Once there was a proud duck mother, who had little ducklings three. Who were very pretty children. As well mannered as could be.

But they could not mind their mother; it was always "I forgot!" So she made a duckling promise. It would not go out the lot.

Then her mind at last was easy. And once day a cold wind came. And she said: "If you're good ducklings, you shall have some candy all!"

And she went on to the city. And she stayed until the night. When she reached the farm two ducklings met her in an awful fright.

"Where is my other child?" she cried. "My darling ducklings dear, I cannot see him far or wide; I hope you won't give him a hug!"

"Mother," the eldest, weeping cried: "Your guess is right, I fear! He wandered in the evening tide; Indeed, he is not here!"

The mother hastened to the pond. The waters shone full clear. His little yellow feet she found. She sighed: "He is not here!"

For seven days and seven nights She wept for him and cried. "Those cruel owls have killed my child!"

"I wish 'twas they had died," Then to the city Mrs. Duck Again she made her way. And to the farm she came at last. When the sun set for the day.

Only one duckling greeted her: The other child was gone. The mother duck at once she searched, But she returned alone.

"My dearest child, you must not stay. As your dear brothers have." The duckling promised to obey. And he was true to his word.

Now, children, hear this moral plain: The best you should obey: For you will surely find Yours is not the best way.

Selected by M. S. RIDDLE.
Petersburg, Va.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Sing a song of Christmas, Stockings full of toys. All things in Santa's pack. For many girls and boys.

Then sing so long and sing so strong That each one will remember How full is the world of boys and girls This joy-day of December.

Drawn and selected by ANDREW G. BRYANT.
High Street, Franklin, Va.

Dear Editor—I want to become a member of the T. D. C. Club. I am ten years old and I am in the fourth grade. I can't wait much, but I will try to join some little stories. We all enjoy reading the children's page. I just think Buster Brown and Tigger are my favorite. I hope I will escape the waste basket. Your little friend,
LARRY W. HAIRSTON.
Radville, N. C.

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Radville, N. C.

Letters From Our Children

Dear Editor—I want to join the T. D. C. Club. Please send me a badge and rule of the club.
RICHARD CAMERON.
Mt. Rain, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor—I would like to be a member of the T. D. C. Club. I am seven years old. I would like to have a badge. Your truly,
EDWARD T. WARRIN.
No. 478 Marion Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor—I thank you for awarding me the prize. I was surprised and pleased to know that you had given me a prize. I may have the pleasure of seeing it in next Sunday's paper. Please send me a badge.
CHARLES J. EVERETT.
Greenfield, Va.

Dear Editor—I would like to join the T. D. C. Club. I enclose you will find some jumbled names of cities. Please send me a badge. I remain, your friend,
MARY G. STEVENS.
No. 130 Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor—I enclose find a story, which I hope to see in print. I think the T. D. C. C. page is improving every Sunday. Your member,
MARY MOORE STONEBURNER.
Edinburg, Va.

Dear Editor—I sent you a letter last week asking you for a badge, but I never got an answer, so I begin to think you do not receive it. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your devoted little friend,
IDA W. TUCKER.
No. 23 W. Tabb Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. Club. I will send a story or a drawing next Sunday. I am eight years old. Write me the Times-Dispatch. I like to read the stories.
BARTLETT POWELL.
No. 109 S. First Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor—I am interested in the children's page and would like to join the T. D. C. Club. Please send me a badge and rules of the club. Your little friend,
LOUISE JENNINGS.
No. 1115 Oakwood Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor—I am not a member of the T. D. C. C., but wish to become one. I enclose you will find a short story, and I may have the pleasure of seeing it in next Sunday's paper. Please send me a badge.
IRMA ADAMS.
202 W. Clay St., City.

Dear Editor—I have not written to you for some time. I am sending you a drawing, which I hope will not reach Mr. Waste-basket. I will now close, hoping the club success.
LOUISE BAILEY.
Scottsburg, Va.

Dear Editor—I received my prize you sent me yesterday and like it fine. I enclose find a story entitled "December," which I hope you will publish. Hoping to see your Christmas is nearly here. I will close now, with much love to you and all the members of the Club. I remain your member,
LUCY EDWARDS.
No. 10 Dank Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge as I would be pleased to have one. I hope you will accept my letter and make me a member. I am eleven years of age. Your new member,
DESSIE E. WARRIN.
No. 478 Marion Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor—I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge. You will find a waste basket and I hope I will escape the waste basket. I enjoy reading the children's page very much. I remain, your member,
KATHLEEN SPARROW.
Martinsville, Va.

Dear Editor—I enclose a little piece of poetry, which my little sister sent, and as it is her first piece, I hope it will be published. Please send her a badge, as she would like to become a member. I send two pictures also. I will close now. Your member,
MARY A. GILLIAM.
Norwood, Va.

Dear Editor—I sent you something for several weeks. I enclose a Thanksgiving puzzle and a story. I will send my picture next week. Hoping to see my contributions published soon, I remain, Yours sincerely,
W. A. CALLAWAY.
Norwood, Va.

Dear Editor—I have been reading the children's page in your paper and have also talked with one of your members, Harry Deane, who would like to join your club. Please send me a badge, and enclose I will find a drawing. Christmas Eve I am in hope to put my picture in next Sunday's paper. Truly,
M. L. HANCOCK.
No. 105 Queen Street, Hampton, Va.